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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

	PAGE.
REVIEW OF THE WEEK,	83
EDITORIALS:	
The National Day,	86
The Suppression of the Colored Vote,	87
SPECIAL ARTICLES:	
Cabot's Memoir of Emerson,	87
Indian Summer,	88
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:	
The Art Collections at Manchester,	89
POETRY:	
Song,	90
REVIEWS:	
Van Dyke's "The Story of the Psalms,"	90
Frey's "Sobriquets and Nicknames,"	91
Smith's "Well-Worn Roads,"	91
Briefer Notices,	91
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS,	91
PERIODICAL LITERATURE,	92
ART NOTES,	92
SCIENCE NOTES,	93
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED,	93
VIEWS OF MR. SHERMAN,	94
DRIFT,	95

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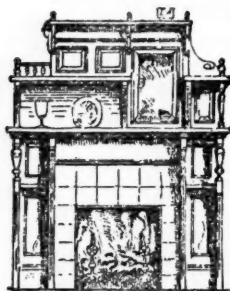
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE British Commissioners and the American "Negotiators" have begun their joint session in Washington, and Mr. Bayard hopes that before Congress meets on Monday week, the result of their deliberations will be in readiness to lay before the Senate. Besides the three representatives of each country, an English and an American secretary are in attendance; but nothing except the results reached will be communicated to the public. Is it not a violation of diplomatic precedents to publish results, where negotiations are not conducted by plenipotentiaries? Governments generally do not care to have their actions prejudged before deciding to confirm or reject. Our own Senate always has reserved to itself the right to publish or to withhold from publication, treaties on which it has not acted.

From the language of the Canadian Commissioner it is evident that the question of Commercial Union will not come before the conference, unless the State Department should bring it. We gather from his remarks that his Tory friends have discovered that there is a wide-spread dissatisfaction in Canada with the present relations of the Dominion to the United States, and a disposition to insist on easier commercial intercourse. But Sir John Macdonald and his friends think to meet this demand by a revival of reciprocity—i. e., of the jug-handled arrangement which gave Canada free access to our markets for farm produce, while we were shut out of her markets for manufactures. The difficulty in the way is that neither the American farmer nor the American manufacturer is stupid enough to agree to any such proposal. It has not a single merit of commercial union, and specifically it is objectionable because it would mean the retention of the costly and annoying lines of custom-houses which now oppose their unfriendly barricade on both sides of the border. Ever since 1867 Canada has been harping on this idea of the revival of reciprocity, with encouragement from a number of short-sighted manufacturers and railroad men in New England. In the pigeon-holes of our State Department there must be quite an assortment of treaties to that effect. But there has been no response to any of these proposals, while the proposition to throw down the two custom-house lines, and to levy duties only on imports from Europe, has met with a general approval in both countries.

THE New York *Tribune*, with its usual readiness to attack anything which is not strictly and thoroughly partisan, or which does not originate with its own element of the Republican party, assails Commercial Union as a proposal to abandon the protective policy. It speaks of tariff legislation by treaty, forgetting how ready it was for that kind of legislation when the Mexican Reciprocity Treaty was under discussion. Thanks to the vigorous opposition offered to that kind of legislation at that time, we are in no danger of it now. The Senate has admitted formally the claim of the House of Representatives to a share in giving effect to any treaty which modifies our tariff legislation. That point has been won, once for all.

The friends of Commercial Union fully recognize the need of the utmost care on the part of the friends of the protective policy to guard against any weakening of our Tariff in detail in arranging for full reciprocity. It is not proposed that we shall adopt the Canadian tariff, but that in the main Canada shall adopt ours. The comparative extent of the two countries and of the interests they have at stake make this just and reasonable; nor do we expect any reluctance on the part of Canada in view of the great advantages which will accrue to her. It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith speaks of "weakening the principle of protection by ex-

tending its area," but that arises from his misapprehension of what Protection is. Its extension over the whole United States has not weakened it as a principle. And its enactment as a treaty between two adjoining and closely related countries will give it a permanence which no statute in either could impart.

Our esteemed contemporary should beware of abusing a policy of which Mr. Blaine expressed his approval before he sailed for Europe and which he may advocate publicly after his return.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, who always is fertile in suggestions, proposes to settle the Fisheries difficulty by purchasing from the Dominion the provinces on whose shores they lie. He would give \$50,000,000 for the seaboard provinces, considering that sum the share of the debt of Canada for which they are liable. The scheme has no practical value, as neither the Dominion nor the United Kingdom could entertain any such proposal. There is force in what Mr. Atkinson says of the benefits that would result from the removal of all trade restrictions between the two countries. But we must dissent from his attack on the fish duties. If it be true that we are levying a tax of \$500,000 a year on Canadian fish, it is only because the unjust policy of the Canadian government prevents our own fishermen from supplying our market fully. And if it be true that our fishing-vessels are manned largely with natives of the seaboard provinces, it also is true that the law compels them to become citizens of this country, and thus keeps up a supply of American sailors by importation and naturalization. The truth is that the increase of the country in wealth has raised the standard of living in New England to a point which makes even its seaboard people reluctant to pursue the hard life of the fisherman.

MR. DORSHEIMER, of the New York *Star*, is a practical politician, and a friend of Mr. Cleveland. He is quite sure that New York is safe for the Democrats, and that his friend will be re-elected as well as renominated. But he also recalls the fact that New York and the Solid South cannot elect a President. So he thinks it would be wise to consult the wishes of Indiana in filling the second place on the ticket. He remembers the wisdom shown by his party in 1884, when they took the head of their ticket from one doubtful State and the second name from another. He wants to see it equally wise in 1888. Might not the Republicans show themselves equally wise? Are Maine and Pennsylvania the States we should regard most in trying to find the winning man? We might reverse the arrangement Mr. Dorsheimer proposes, and take the first candidate from Indiana and the second from New York. The latter State could unquestionably furnish an excellent vice-president.

THE appointment of Prof. S. P. Langley to the Secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution will be hailed with great satisfaction. He is the third Pennsylvanian to occupy that position, the highest in scientific dignity in the country. Prof. Langley has earned this honor by hard work under great difficulties. In his little observatory on the hills above Allegheny City, almost without assistance, and in the intervals of a ceaseless battle with Pittsburgh's smoke, he has achieved results as an astronomical observer of the sun, equally notable with those of Padre Secchi under the clear sky of Naples, and with the amplest assistance. And he has won his honors with a modesty which becomes him like an added honor.

MR. SHERMAN, if we may accept a published interview in a Cincinnati newspaper as trustworthy, has spoken with characteristic decision concerning the policy of finance which should be pursued. He would maintain the Protective system with fidelity

and firmness; he would keep the tax on spirits, but leave that on tobacco go; he would either repeal the sugar duty entirely, or make it merely nominal,—providing a sufficient bounty, in the former case, to sustain the Louisiana cane and develop the possibilities of sorghum; and he would revive the Distribution of 1836, and at least carry out to completion the successive steps then intended to be taken.

All this is the suggestion of practical and broad statesmanship. Whether any of it can be put into action at the approaching session of Congress it is, of course, impossible to say, but we venture the opinion now that it will be found by the time spring returns that the proposal to return to the example of 1836, in some way, will have to be adopted. Perhaps, owing to the tenderness of some good people on the idea of "Distribution,"—their fear being intense that any intercourse between the general and the separate treasuries would "pauperize" the States,—it may not be named as it was fifty years ago, but it will amount to the same thing. Whether the interview correctly reports Mr. Sherman as proposing to exclude from the further distribution States not in the Union in 1836, we do not know, but certainly the spirit of the measure would require all the States to be assisted equally, and it is obvious that to exclude any would weaken by their discontent the support of the plan.

As soon as the November elections were over, and New York had elected Mr. Cleveland's ticket, the Washington conferences over the Tariff were resumed. Mr. Cleveland had Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Carlisle and others in council as to the nature and the form of his recommendations to Congress. These negotiations were suspended in September because it was thought unwise to keep the question too much before the public mind while the elections were pending. But now the coast is clear, and "the Administration bill" of Mr. Watterson's predictions may be looked for in a short time.

Meanwhile one note of warning is heard. The New York *Herald* wants to know what is to make up for the loss of New York or New Jersey, if Messrs. Watterson and Carlisle commit the Democratic party to Free Trade. It warns them that these States are now protectionist, and that no other policy will go down with them in 1888.

THE air is filled with rumors from Washington that positively and surely this time Mr. Randall's "wings are to be clipped." How many times this process has been suggested, if not undertaken, heretofore, one can hardly count, but it is certain that its success has not been remarkable. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* now reports, however, that the Democratic councils are substantially unanimous that it must be done, and that almost the only one who hesitates is Mr. Carlisle. And a recount having been made of the twenty-five Democratic members who voted with Mr. Randall against the motion to take up the Morrison bill, in December, 1886, it is now believed, according to this correspondent, that not more than half a dozen can be expected to do such a thing again, so that it will be perfectly easy for the Free Trade procession to go on without them.

That Mr. Carlisle should shrink a little is not very strange. He undoubtedly has considered several facts not above enumerated. In the first place, of the eleven who voted with Mr. Randall and who are returned to the present House, the intentions of some are far from being well-known to the Washington Free Trade conclave. In the second place, it is entirely left out of account that a number of the new Democratic members are sure to be Protectionists. And in the third, it is seriously insisted that the House has fifteen Democratic majority, when the fact is that the parties stand: Democrats, 168; Republicans, 153; Independents, 4; and if the Independent votes are like those of Mr. Nichols, of North Carolina, they will be against any approach to Free Trade.

Exactly what Mr. Randall intends doing is not announced. It will not be occasion for surprise if he should not announce it at all, but wait until the time for action. The apparent confidence

of the Free Trade majority of his party that they can first of all make Mr. Carlisle Speaker, then drop him (Mr. Randall) from his chairmanship of the Appropriations to some obscure committee, and finally introduce and carry a measure reducing the Tariff must all be matter for his careful consideration in the meantime.

MR. GEO. W. CURTIS's feelings have been hurt by Mr. Cleveland's letter approving of the candidacy of Mr. Fellows against Mr. Nichol for the district-attorneyship of New York. But Mr. Curtis in *Harper's Weekly* "roars as gently as a sucking dove" against Mr. Cleveland for taking this step against the wishes of the Mugwumps. He cannot forget that he and he alone of all the Mugwumps has committed himself publicly to supporting Mr. Cleveland next year, in preference to any one the Republicans can nominate. The *Times* and the *Evening Post* have not gone to that length, but Mr. Curtis has. He has warned the Republicans not to expect anything from putting forward another man than Mr. Blaine, as, in his view, not even the Indiana, Missouri, and Maryland scandals have alienated the affections of the true Mugwump from his first love. And of course any little scandal like this in New York is a thing for sorrowful rebuke, but nothing more.

Meanwhile Mr. Dana, who has been a sharp critic of Mr. Cleveland's administration, declares that the letter has warmed the hearts of the Democracy to the President as nothing else has done for some time past. What a happy move it was to win over Mr. Dana without losing the support of Mr. Curtis! Mr. Cleveland is "enough for either a shooting-match or a camp-meeting."

UPON the arrival at San Francisco of the steamship from Japan and China, one day last week, the news agent of the Associated Press found among her bringings a newspaper from Hong Kong, presumably about a month old,—as it takes nearly that much time to come from Hong Kong to San Francisco,—and discovered in it, once more, that the concessions by the Chinese Government to the Philadelphia Syndicate had been revoked. This "news" he at once sent eastward, and it punctually appeared in our daily newspapers. Of course, it had the same foundation as the rumor of which it was the echo originally had, when telegraphed to London from Tien Tsin, about the middle of October,—that is, no good foundation at all. As any one may see for himself, upon a very little reflection, it is never very likely that late and important news will come from China by way of a steamer across the Pacific Ocean, while there exists a daily communication by telegraph with the Chinese cities. Such a step as the revocation of the concessions would, of course, be announced by wire, and the notice of it would be sent to those who would be entitled to know,—the Chinese representatives in this country, and the gentlemen with whom their government has been negotiating.

THE great opportunity which is likely to be developed in China for the use of silver is a subject which naturally enough engages the attention of people in India. Comment there upon the announcement of the concessions granted by the Chinese government turns at once to the reasonable certainty that the developments proposed under them will employ a large amount of silver coinage, and so will raise the gold price of the metal. The *Englishman's Overland Mail*, of Calcutta, of the date of October 16, after discussing the continued depression in the price, says:

"Wherein, then, it may be asked, lies the ground of our belief that a brighter day for silver is dawning? Not, certainly in bi-metallism, but in the opening of a new outlet for the produce of the mines and the superabundant reserve stocks of Europe and America. It would be, perhaps, premature to attempt to estimate the precise importance of the concession said to have been made by the Chinese Government to the Philadelphia syndicate. It seems certain, however, that concessions of great potential importance have been made. . . . Two hundred millions seems a fabulous amount of capital to credit the Philadelphia syndicate with; but in twenty years that sum could be profitably spent in China on railways alone, to say nothing of the drainage and irrigation works for which there is almost end-

less scope. All that is required is that Chinese conservatism should be so far broken down as to enable the people to appreciate the benefits of such works. That the capitalist will be amply rewarded by the result can hardly be doubted; and that being so, there will be no lack of the necessary capital. During recent years the off-take of silver by the East has been at the rate of about sixteen millions per annum. Should China open her gates to Western engineer, there is no reason why the rate for a long time to come should not be doubled."

From the tenor of some of its comments on the subject, not printed above, it is evident that the reports which had reached Calcutta were mingled with much inaccuracy, but the perception of the *Englishman* of the great influence which may be exerted by the Chinese enterprises upon the future of silver is entirely correct. And the whole commercial and money world is interested in this aspect of the business.

THE outcry against the Inter-State Commerce law as certain to ruin the country and put a stop to commerce, has abated already before the meeting of the Fiftieth Congress, which was to repeal it summarily. Probably the worst of the friction involved in the readjustment of business to the law is at an end, and as much hardship would be inflicted now by its repeal as by its enforcement.

In the meantime the Commission has come to the consideration of the worst single abuse which has arisen under the uncontrolled management of railroad traffic. It is considering the alleged contracts of the Standard Oil Company with the railroads, by which that great monopoly was able to crush out its rivals in the refining and the handling of petroleum. No other case has excited anything like the interest that this must; and the recent Buffalo decision against the men whom the monopoly employed as its go-betweens indicates that it may be easier to obtain evidence of underhand dealings than had been supposed.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union has been holding its annual national convention in Nashville, with some four hundred delegates in attendance. Miss Willard, the very able president of the Union, said in her opening address:

"There are not enough anti-saloon Republicans at the North to carry prohibition in a single State that is now struggling to secure it, not enough anti-saloon Democrats at the South, as has been proved in this memorable year of our constitutional defeats; but there are enough temperance men in both to take possession of the Government and give us National prohibition in the party of the near future."

This official utterance, which passed entirely unchallenged, leaves no doubt whatever as to the political character of the Union. It is committed to the Third Party movement distinctly, and its branches everywhere are the feeders of that party.

THE city of Philadelphia has just witnessed a centenary, which ought to cause regret rather than rejoicing. It is just a century since the overbearing policy of the white Methodists of this city drove their colored brethren to organize as an independent body, to the great injury of their race. Not only was another sect added to the sufficiently large number we already had, but a great body of "our brethren in black" were sundered from that fraternal intercourse with white Christians which is far more favorable to growth in intelligence and sobriety, than their sectarian independence can be. In this instance, as usual, the white people were clearly in the wrong, and nobody could blame the African Methodists for going their own way, and making good Richard Weaver the first black bishop in America. But the example thus set of ecclesiastical severance on grounds of race, in defiance of the emphatic teachings of the New Testament and the most venerable traditions of the Christian church, has been followed most unhappily, until probably a majority of the colored race on this continent is sundered from active fraternity with white men as regards religious organization.

We are glad to see that the proposal to unite the Northern and Southern Presbyterians on the basis of an agreement that col-

ored Presbyterians shall be shut out from equality and fraternity in the united church, has broken down through opposition from the North. And also that the Episcopal bishop of South Carolina stands firm as to the right of colored presbyters to sit in convention.

THE strike of the coal miners in the Lehigh district bids fair to have serious consequences to the public, if we should have an early and severe winter. Public sympathy throughout the district is generally on the side of the miners, who have been treated with very little consideration by their employers, and in many cases have been plundered of their wages by store-orders for the benefit of the companies. For this reason collections have been taken up for them in several of the towns, and even salaried officers of the companies avow their sympathy for the men.

Mr. Harris of the Lehigh Navigation Company makes out a good case as regards the treatment his corporation has extended to its employes in the matter of paying high wages and not maintaining any store for the company's benefit. But he declares that he will not discuss the proposal of an increase in wages with any but his own men. He refuses to treat with the representatives of their trades organization. But is this reasonable? If Mr. Harris had business with a capitalist, he would be obliged to let him judge whether he would meet him personally, or send a representative. Why should the laborer not have the same privilege as the capitalist? And while it may be true that no workman who came forward to speak in behalf of his fellows would be the worse for it with the Lehigh Navigation Company, is this true of other employers in the district? May not the men have good reason for making it a rule to carry on such negotiations through third parties, so that none of them may be "black-listed" as being "ring-leaders"?

A NEW proposal is to send over to Scotland for another president for Princeton College. It is Professor Drummond on whom the choice is to fall this time; but we hope that no such step will be taken. If it be, we predict that the offer will be refused. Prof. Drummond is not a man to be moved much by the offer of distinguished place, and his heart is so thoroughly in the work he is doing in Edinburgh, that he is quite unlikely to listen to such a call, however loud it might seem to ordinary ears. Indeed, if Princeton must go to Edinburgh for a man to fill Witherspoon's place, it would do much better to call Prof. Robert Flint, who is a much greater scholar than Prof. Drummond, and quite as able a man.

But in Professor Sloane Princeton has a son of her own, who is admirable material for making a college president. It was on his executive ability that she leaned, when the outbreak of typhoid fever imperilled the position of the college. The Trustees put \$10,000 in his hands, and made him dictator as regards the sanitary arrangements of the college, with the happiest results. If a similar emergency were to arise now, which of the other candidates would they trust rather than him?

THE grand jury of New York has indicted John Most, the already well-known Anarchist, for using language calculated to incite to violence and murder at a meeting held in that city, to denounce the Chicago executions. From the time Most landed in this country, and before he had any opportunity to study American conditions, he has been using language of this kind. In Chicago he repeatedly spoke of the right and duty of the laboring classes to rise in revolt, butcher the capitalists, and divide their possessions among themselves. Until after the Haymarket murders the public declined to take this talk seriously; but it now begins to realize its duty to put a stop to talk which is meant to be an incentive to crime. On the other hand, Most seems to have been greatly impressed with the Chicago executions. For the first time he begins to protest that he and his friends mean no violence, and do not want to blow up any one. He also denies that he used the words imputed to him at the recent meeting. That is a question

of fact, which nothing but the evidence can settle. But certainly he is not charged with saying anything worse than he has said a score of times on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE wreck of the Dutch steamship *Scholten*, in the narrow channel between the Godwin Sands and the British Coast, and the consequent loss of 130 lives, calls attention once more to the utter inadequacy of the life-saving apparatus which ocean steamships carry. The *Scholten* had but two boats. There were not enough life-preservers to go round, and the crew fought with the passengers for such as there were. As there was no storm, and only a fog, a proper supply of boats would have saved every life.

This is a point on which Congress should legislate at the next session. It would effect a complete change in the policy of the steamship lines, if each of them were required to show that they had carried life-rafts and boats sufficient to receive both passengers and crew, and were fined the amount of their charge for steerage passengers for every person not thus provided for. Nothing but the wish to make immigration cheap can have prevented some such legislation on our part. But in the last ten years we have begun to see immigration on its seamy side.

THE attitude of Mr. Parnell toward the Irish situation strikes us as rather curious. Through these months of exciting action and discussion he has been entirely silent until within a few days past. For this his health has been a sufficient excuse, but it hardly explains the fact that when he breaks his silence it is to show that he has no more made up his mind to the Plan of Campaign against the landlords than when he last spoke in Parliament. He rather emphasized the ambiguity of his attitude by expressing a high confidence in Mr. Davitt, who is known to be rather critical of the policy which Mr. O'Brien originated. Of that gentleman, so far as the report goes, Mr. Parnell said nothing, although he hardly could be ignorant of the facts as to his arrest, imprisonment, and ill-treatment in prison. And even of the present struggle between the people and the Government, Mr. Parnell speaks with a kind of detachment, as an outsider might, deploring the fact that the Irish are being taught to associate their national interests with resistance to the law.

In one sense this is rather surprising. That the leader of a great popular movement should be so untouched by the enthusiasm of his followers, and yet keep his hold upon them, and have no need to fear any rival for the leadership, is certainly unusual. That he should not even make a pretense of enthusiasm is still more remarkable. But Mr. Parnell is the Sphinx of Irish politics, with no real associates, no confidential friends, no special sympathy with the ardency of his subordinates. And partly this is the secret of his power. It was said that for a long time none of his own party could ascertain where he lived during the session, and only his illness brought out the fact that it was in a small village to the south of London. It is the wisdom of the Irish to trust a man whose differences from them are the best safeguard against their characteristic weaknesses. It has been the folly of the English always to reject the advice of so dispassionate a counsellor.

THOSE who fear for Irish Protestantism in case Home Rule is conceded to the Irish people should give some attention to the remarks made by Archbishop Plunket, of the Irish Episcopal Church, at the opening of the Synod. Dr. Plunket disclaims all such fears, while he recognizes distinctly that Home Rule cannot be very far off. He declares that he has far greater apprehension of harm from a growth of irreligion, than from anything his Catholic fellow-countrymen will do to his church; and he protests against the habit of speaking of Irish Episcopalians as though they were devoid of national sympathy. Perhaps the Archbishop recalls the fact that in the day of their power the Irish Catholics never persecuted. In 1689 their Parliament of Dublin established absolute freedom of religion, and decreed that those who paid tithes should designate the church for whose benefit they should be appropriated.

The Protestantism of Mr. Balfour and his agents must be a curious article. When Mr. O'Brien was conveyed to Tullamore jail he exercised his right to demand that he be furnished with a Bible. The whole prison was searched before a copy could be found. But he is allowed no books except the Bible and his Catholic prayer-book. Even Thomas à Kempis he was not allowed to have, although the lessons of meekness and humility taught by the Flemish monk are just those which Mr. Balfour might have been expected to desire for his recalcitrant prisoner.

THE English evacuation of Egypt has stopped. As fast as they withdrew their troops from the up-the-Nile districts, the Mahdi's forces occupied them, and by the time Alexandria was reached, the Khedive might have gone with them. This is but natural. England began by destroying the national movement of the Egyptian government and sending its leader into exile. Her rule has done nothing to call out the powers of self-government which Arabi Bey was evoking in the people. It only taught them to depend on foreign forces to keep the Soudanese out of their country. So the first time Egypt is told to depend on herself she proves once more "a broken reed." The best solution would be to recall Arabi and make him Khedive, instead of the helpless nonentity who now serves in that capacity.

THE meeting of the Czar and the Emperor in Berlin, or more exactly the conference of the Czar with Bismarck over the exclusion of Russia from the new alliance of the powers of Central Europe, is one of the most important moves in recent international politics. If we may trust the despatches, the Chancellor told his majesty that nothing could be done to establish a better understanding between those powers and Russia until he threw over Chancellor Giers, and the whole party of Russian ultras, and that the Czar was much impressed by this statement. If so, Bismarck certainly rendered a service to Eastern Europe by his characteristic plainness of speech. The attempt of that party to introduce the severities of the Russian police service into international politics as shown in the indignities to which the Prince of Bulgaria was subjected, has caused a reaction of feeling even among those who were most disposed to regard Russia as a beneficent and liberating force. It is this which has caused the isolation of Bulgaria from Russian influence, and the firm establishment of an Austrian Catholic upon the throne.

AT this writing, the governmental crisis in France is without determination. The Rouvier ministry resigned, Saturday, upon an adverse vote, (made up of the Monarchists and Radical Republicans), on a question of procedure, and since then no one can be got to undertake the formation of a new one. President Grévy has appealed in turn to MM. Freycinet, Goblet, Floquet, Brisson, and even to the detested man whom it was thought he never would ask, M. Clemenceau, but all to no purpose. Most of them told him, and the others intimated the same, that in order to resolve the situation he must himself resign.

To have had the misfortune of such a son-in-law as Wilson, and be involved in the ruin caused by his crookedness, is a sad close to the President's honorable career. But Paris has been and is honeycombed with plutocratic corruptions, and that some of these should be found even near the highest officials is not surprising. The fact that the public condemnation falls upon them so fiercely, when discovered, is perhaps the best feature in the case.

THE NATIONAL DAY.

THE fact that our paper reaches its readers after the day of national thanksgiving to God for the year's good things is no reason for our abstaining from reference to the festival. If thanksgiving is worth anything it is a habit, not an act merely; and what may strengthen the habit is always in order.

The religious observance of the day itself is matter for thanksgiving. It shows that the negative tendencies of modern specu-

lation—the speculative materialism of our age,—equally with the undue devotion to the acquisition of wealth—the practical materialism of our age,—has not so touched the core of the nation's life as to make national acts of recognition of God incongruous. "The eyewise who flout" the old faith in a Supreme Disposer of all events do not represent the main current of our life and growth. Prosperity has not destroyed the faith which the anguishes of the Civil War brought to light more distinctly than ever before in our history. The ceaseless coming of the daily bread and the yearly harvest has not hidden from our eyes the truth that it is the gift of One who can give or withhold, but who once more opens his hand and meets the needs of all his creatures. Behind the nation's life lies for us still the background of the eternal and the invisible. The world—as Plato, Plutarch and Cicero reminded us long ago—has never seen a nation of atheists. It has seen but one nation of agnostics, and that one prompts no desire for another. America is not and never will be either.

The year's prosperity, the peace abroad, the good health at home in spite of the hardships of a severe summer, the moderate but solid revival of business, the deliverance thus far from the injuries which economic folly can inflict, the steady increase and diffusion of wealth, the uninterrupted maintenance of order—these are among the more palpable sources of general gratitude. But the picture has its darker shades, which call on us to "take courage" for the future in thanking God for the past, as Paul did when he drew near to Rome. The elements of social discord still remain with us, although the nation has emphasized its adherence to the great law of just retribution by its approval of the punishment of those who wage war upon society. The self-will which refuses to bow before economic law still threatens us with disaster in the matter of our currency. The folly which would risk the prosperity of the land and the bread of its people for a theory is still powerful in our national legislature and controls the policy of the national executive. And while a great movement onward has been achieved in the matter of controlling the policy of our transportation corporations, their power is still a yoke on the necks of the people. In the matter of putting an end to the evils of the liquor traffic the gains of the year have perhaps been the greatest. There are signs that all who are truly awake to those evils are drawing together on the platform of a reasonable and practical policy.

And as regards foreign relations we may be glad to know that our national sympathies are neither dormant nor misdirected as regards the greatest issues of our day. With the suffering democracy of Great Britain and the tyrannized people of Ireland we are in as active sympathy as our hereditary policy of non-interference admits. And in both directions our attitude tells as it never did in the earlier ages of our history.

On the whole, in spite of dark clouds which threaten but may pass away, in spite of follies and shortcomings in ourselves, we can "thank God and take courage."

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE COLORED VOTE.

THAT the colored voters of the Southern States do not now freely exercise their suffrage right, except in a few districts, is perfectly evident from the returns of the voting for Members of Congress, if there were no other testimony to that effect. In all the South their vote is in large part suppressed.

Whether it is possible to remedy this has seemed doubtful. The wrong of it is as apparent as the thing itself. That there should be neither a "free vote" nor a "fair count" in a great part of the country is dangerous, no matter whose votes it is that are thus despoiled. But the feeling in the South, growing out of the estimate which Slavery placed upon the colored people,—that they were not human creatures but a lower order,—has been that it was entirely allowable, and even a highly moral, performance to deprive the colored men of their suffrage, and that whatever means were needful to this end were entirely justified by it.

And this idea, shocking as it is when coolly surveyed, has even made some headway in the North. It has come to be assumed by people whose stamina on a moral issue cannot bear much strain, that, after all, it is neither surprising nor unreasonable for the white voters in the South to refuse their rights to the colored voters. The signs of weakening on this subject appeared in the North as early as 1876, and they were then explained, and to a small degree excused, by the strain which had been put upon the conscience of Northern people by the "carpet bag" excesses in some of the Southern States, notably South Carolina. The feeling that these were inexcusable, and that, if such was the outcome of negro voting, the control of white men, even through force and fraud, was the natural alternative, helped largely to bring about a tacit acquiescence in the scandalous processes by which many electors were nominally chosen for Mr. Tilden in that year.

Mr. Sherman insists that the issue must be raised as to the continuance of this suppression. At least in the elections of Members of Congress, he thinks there should be a distinct demand made for an honest vote. Undoubtedly he is right in this. To sit supinely, while a great increase of representation in Congress is held by the Southern States on account of their colored voters, and give consent that these voters shall be entirely disfranchised, would be a weakness in its political and a treason in its patriotic aspect. The men of Ohio, it is evident, do not consent to such wrong, and Mr. Sherman believes that the men of New York would not, if the case were put to them distinctly and earnestly. We trust he is right. At the very least his courage in withstanding the practice does him honor, and his earnest call upon the people not to permit it is timely and proper.

CABOT'S MEMOIR OF EMERSON.¹

NOBODY can well accuse Mr. Cabot of undue hurry in preparing these volumes. It is now over five years since the death of their subject, and the flood of literature which appeared immediately after, bearing more or less directly upon his life, has had time to reach its height and begin to ebb, while the public mind has formed a more or less definite opinion as to his standing in literature and ethics. There have been many works issued which cover very much the same ground as these memoirs, and although they are all necessarily lacking in the personal matter which is only to be had from private papers, they have been accepted as the best that was to be had, and have served as the medium through which the public expected to acquaint themselves with Emerson. They have thus to a certain extent preoccupied the field, and have made it less likely that the new work will have as full a hearing as it might have had four years ago. But to those whose interest in Emerson was not the fruit of the press notices of his death, this biography will come assured of a ready installation in the chief place among its fellows. Fellows, strictly speaking, it has none. The works we have had have been written from the outside, and are fragmentary; the reader must diligently combine and compare them to make them picture Emerson. They have been fragmentary bits of personal recollection like Mr. Thayer's account of the California trip, and Mr. Ireland's of the second visit to England, or stray gleanings of personal narrative used to support an upper story of critical dissertation, like those of Mr. Cooke and of Holmes. Perhaps the best substitute for a biography which we have had hitherto has been the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence. Emerson's letters in this were not highly introspective, as indeed is true of all his writings, including his journal, and they do not exhibit the slightest taint of intellectual undress,—in this respect also representing the uniform texture of his mind,—but they are full of manly and high-minded self-revelation. His intercourse with Carlyle was not a mutual admiration society, nor a personal friendship which could afford to ignore relative intellectual position, but a mutual openness of mind where each felt that confidences were sure of being received at a certain height, despite differences of outlook. Both Carlyle and Emerson appear well in it. It gives them a favorable showing, but not an unnatural one. They are there as men standing erect, drawn up to their fullest height, but treading on the firm ground.

It were well for Carlyle if his private life stood the wide publicity it has had given it as well as does Emerson's. Nothing like a minute personal history of the latter is attempted in these vol-

¹A MEMOIR OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By James Elliot Cabot. 2 vols., 8vo. Pp. 803. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

umes, but a picture of his home life and surroundings is given with reasonable fulness, and in every point it serves to emphasize the power and beneficence of his personal influence. It would be unjust to his fame to omit giving so much of his private life as would serve to show us the man as distinguished from the author, for this was his own great test of soundness. "Superior to his works" was his praise of a man whose personal presence seemed to befit his reputation, and we can hardly doubt that he felt his own works left much of himself unexpressed. It is certain that this was the general impression he made on his personal friends, and even on those who came only into occasional contact with him. In his lecturing tours his voice, manner, and bearing commanded the attention of those to whom his utterances failed to carry conviction, instruction, or even profit; and his most ardent admirers from among his audiences are given to dwelling almost as much on his personal charm as on his more tangible claims on posterity. Similarly, the impression he created in the minds of the companions of his every-day life is touched with a gentle awe—an impression as of one who fulfilled the ordinary duties and graces of life divinely. This is all the more remarkable that the ordinary means of gaining entrance to the affections of one's fellowmen were in great measure closed to him. He could not talk small talk; he could not be familiar; he could not exchange bosom confidences. He was universally courteous, and considerate of others almost to a fault, but this was the outgrowth of a high perception of the rights of others and his duty towards them, and it did not spring from mere good nature or a feeling of *camaraderie*. It must be admitted that these qualities made his friendship oftentimes of a cast that seems over-refined to ordinary mortals. The impassable bounds of individuality were ever oppressively present to him, and even to those who were in every way worthy of his confidence he often found it impossible to unbend. His nearer acquaintance thus often proved a disappointment to those who were drawn to him by intellectual interest, and hoped to find a rich treasure in his friendship.

A characteristic analogous to this forced reserve in personal intercourse appears throughout his writings. We search the extracts from his journals in vain for any trace of the undress garb of his thought. Not that all his more familiar writings bear the marks of thorough revision and epigrammatic polish as do most of his publications, but that they all show a strenuous intellectual tendency toward compression into form. There are no passages in a strictly matter-of-fact style—none of that easy flow of unchosen words and unguided thoughts which in most of us forms the larger part of our deliverances. His words never leaked from him. He found them too inadequate under the best of management to convey the thought he wished, and never trusted them in chance arrangement, or, what was the same thing to him, an arrangement governed by the feelings only. He was the slave of his omnipresent intellectuality, which stood in the relation of censor to his intuitive nature, and ceaselessly demanded definiteness. He relied on his intuitions, no doubt, in accordance with his exoteric gospel, but his intuitions were harnessed to his intellectual machine, and could not move without mediately evolving forms. Every occurrence and action of every-day life receives a glance which seems to be more or less directly a challenge of its significance as seen from a cosmical standpoint. The value of these characteristics to our literature is very easily noticeable. Constantly engaged as he was in an instinctive attempt to strain the language to express thoughts and feelings which ordinarily are allowed to elude expression, he splendidly enriched its powers. His works have been for thousands the flame which raised their dormant powers to a glow by the infusion of new ideas, and his shooting gleams of insight have clarified by precipitation many a hopelessly muddled mind. But personally this inability to descend to a low level can only be considered a burden. Self-expression throughout his life seems to have been a heavy task to him, and its ceaseless strain was no doubt largely responsible for the sad failure of his powers at an age unusually early for strenuous intellectual workers.

The count in the indictment against Emerson that his feeling for form deserts him after the lowest stage, is by this time sated with triumph. It has the immense advantage, in the first place, that it is true. He can shape a building-stone, but cannot construct an edifice—a metaphor in which, we feel confident, we have been anticipated. His works, considered as a whole, are entirely unsystematic. They lack the cohesive strength of a whole which is composed of mutually sustaining parts. This defect has drawn the attention of the ever-present gentlemen with measuring-sticks as a highly eligible charge—and in this consists its second great advantage. By the adroit use of this weapon it has been logically proved that Emerson was not a great philosopher, a great poet, a great moralist, a great prose-writer—the inference at the end of all this demolition being, of course, that he was not great in any way. But the proof that he was great is elementary, and requires

only a moment's consideration of his influence. If nothing else, he was a great personality. His known personality must be accepted as the solvent of his apparently incongruous theses in somewhat the same manner as the central idea of a more systematic philosopher is given an interpretative function with regard to his casual expressions. With this idea it is not hard to read harmony into Emerson. But the opinion which demands more organization than we find in his works is well based. Statements are consistent or inconsistent with each other, not only in logic, but in reason. No one would wish that Emerson had tried to cast his message to the world into syllogisms, but a plan which would have enabled his readers to see more clearly his idea of the relation of the different aspects of life and thought, would have been a boon to numerous readers who now find him full of stumbling blocks.

That his inability to use the forms commonly used for the exposition of thought has operated powerfully to limit Emerson's audience cannot be doubted. There is a rough, effective force about a logical statement which acts independently of temperament, as a blow will cause any string of a musical instrument to vibrate; while intuitive statements appeal only to those of sympathetic feeling, as one string calls responsive music from another by its vibrations only when both are tuned in unison. The aggressive, systematic philosophers are at least considered where Emerson absolutely fails of a hearing. There are men of intelligence and acumen to whom he speaks an unknown tongue—is absolutely nonsensical and meaningless. This is all the more unfortunate that in thought he is anything but one-sided. In universal openness to impressions from all quarters, and faith in the soundness of mind and heart of men of different outlook, he is truly catholic. It is in his range of feeling that he fails of breadth. With men like Shelley, for instance, who express their thought with an overpowering transfusion of feeling, he has absolutely no sympathy. As Prof. Dowden has brilliantly said, he was "a creature of the drying American climate, whose nervous energy was so exalted that he loved light better than warmth." He certainly failed of comprehension of the power of the ordinary feelings of everyday life, and how far they transcend the power of thought in most men. And with a strange fatality he was always venturing into just this region. He most earnestly desired to be able to reach common level, as the abundance of "Poor Richard" sayings in his writings shows. But he never could reach either the common level of ordinary mortals, or the lower levels of men who were capable of moments on his own level. It is a perpetual shock to his philosophy that in the moments when the blood flows warmest it is incomprehensible. It is too finical, fragile, over-nice for every day; it has to be supplemented by the sanative strength of the impulses, and the power of unintrospective action.

He knew his own shortcomings better than most of his critics. He found out early that human nature as a whole eluded his comprehension in a mysterious way, and the slight but oft recurring touches of humor found in his writings are the mark that he accepted the irony of fate. But he never swerved from his confidence in the sacredness of his mission. He saw clearly that however great the teaching and influence which it was beyond his power to supply, his part also was priceless. And so we may well acknowledge it. Full-bloodedness—animal power—springs naturally from the earth; the steadfast spiritual tendency toward the higher which Emerson supplies is the rarest of all gifts to humanity, and as beneficent as it is rare.

ALFRED J. FERRIS.

INDIAN SUMMER.

EVERYBODY, sooner or later, poses as a weather prophet, and, with greater or less confidence, speaks of Indian Summer with that glibness that should arise from positive knowledge, but far oftener is the outcome of positive ignorance.

I am not aware that any one has written the natural history of this much-mentioned season, or phenomenon if you choose; and the various references thereto are by no means harmonious statements. The impressions of a dozen authors that I have collated, as to its time, place, and circumstance, are quite as hazy as the brief season itself certainly is.

By most people it is claimed to be peculiar to November, and warm, hazy, *dolce far niente* days in October or December are simply so much good luck, but not typical Indian Summer. This extreme view is not commonly held, although the correct one; and by people generally, December days of the proper sort are allowed to pass. As there is no established authority on the subject, the laity are happy in being allowed to think as they please—a very dangerous liberty, by the way, as is proved by the fact that this same leaderless laity are quite at sea as to what Indian Summer really is; of all of which matters nothing to them, and they talk about it as freely as of the round of the seasons.

When or why the term "Indian" was applied to the occasional brief spell of pleasant weather in November, I cannot determine. It is not a happily chosen one, certainly. The Delaware Indians called the eleventh month Winigischuch, or Snow Moon, and our records show that the first snow-fall is usually before December 1. Hence the common saying that the date of the first rabbit-tracking snow in November indicates the number of snow-storms of the winter; and trustworthy meteorological records show that snow and ice are more a feature of the eleventh month than is a week of beautiful, warm, and hazy weather. Nevertheless, November is neither a winter nor a wintry month.

In Peirce's little volume on the weather of Philadelphia and vicinity, for fifty-seven consecutive years, the author mentions Indian Summer but three times; so the pleasant weather of fifty-four years may be assumed not to have reached the standard required. As I understand it, the true "summer" week must occur in November, and a very marked hazy condition of the atmosphere is an absolutely essential feature. And here, let me ask, was this peculiarity a regular feature, or approximately so, of late autumn in Indian times? Had the generally densely forested condition of the country ought to do with it? This is not improbable, and one evidence of it still holds. Among the mountains, where there are still tracts of woodland, although a meagre second or third growth, there often occurs a typical Indian Summer, when such weather is wanting in the comparatively treeless tracts of the lower, level country. But, after all, why the Indians are coupled with it, remains a mystery. The term implies that the aborigines did not appreciate the summer proper, which is not true. They were partial to it, and recognized all its merits. May they called the beginning of summer; June was summer proper, and July was known by a long name, the meaning of which is not certain. There is no evidence that they ignored three months of fruitful weather for an uncertain week in autumn that perfected nothing. It acquired no place in their religion, and if it was weather to their liking, they failed to do more than say as much among themselves; but it suggested nothing, nor were prayers offered for its continuance.

In our own weather-lore, strangely enough, the season, or "spell," does not figure prominently. It is given in Signal Service Notes, No. IX., Weather Proverbs, that "If we don't get our Indian Summer in October or November, we will get it in winter." How jolly a thought for the rambler, but alas! as is so often the case with glib sayings, there is not a vestige of truth in it. How it collapses when confronted by statistics!

Be then the history of Indian Summer what it may; all know it when it really appears, as is evidenced by the readiness to herald a spurious article; and the contemplative rambler plans his outings to cover all the ground.

And wherein lies the charm of this short season? Undoubtedly the yellow haze that softens the horizon, and gives the world a dreamy look, has all to do with it. The character of this haze is an open question. It is said to be animal life, so minute as to escape microscopical examination; hypothetical creatures that make up in numbers what they lack in size, and at one time shake the atmosphere and obscure the sun. By many it is thought to be of vegetable origin; and by a great many, in a pompous manner, it is said to be "haze, and any fool knows what that is." This, the remark of a prominent citizen, who is not suspected by his neighbors to be the greatest fool of them all. And of such is many a town made up—and kept down.

I glory in being one of the fools that do not know what haze is. The few Indian Summers that I have known have put me in possession of but one or two insignificant facts concerning it. In the first place, it is never just where you happen to be: it is everywhere else, except directly overhead, and disappears as promptly as you change your own position. Again, it is delightfully restless, out-wriggling any child in church, so I am told. No dancer has such nimble legs. From sunrise to sunset it waltzes with the distant tree tops, while the trees near where I am standing, remain, like myself, a quiet spectator. But when I run across the pasture meadow, the trees have changed places; those that were dancing are now sedate spectators.

But no one should stand during Indian Summer, although it is not a season of activity. I compromise the matter by taking my canoe and paddling down Crosswicks Creek from the Drawbridge to the Delaware; four miles or more of a most crooked course; here between wide meadows, but a foot or two above high tide, and there, at the foot of a wooded bluff, where the current is swifter and ripples over shallows studded with pebbles, mussels, and, strange to say, even to this day, stone implements fashioned by pre-historic men. The vicissitudes of centuries, one would think, should have buried them before this. But the floods divide their favors, and where they cover here, they expose elsewhere. For how long must this valley have been inhabited, so thickly studded is the meadow mud with weapons of rude workmanship!

Yet not here does the story of man's occupancy of America open. There is an earlier and even more striking chapter.

The suggestion that absolutely primitive man ever existed in America, has been and still is vehemently denied; but it is cheering to know that gradually his presence in an earlier geological epoch is being admitted. Why so cautiously admitted, though, is not quite clear. Still it is something gained to have him in the probability stage, in a new school book.

As I round the wooded bends and weedy corners, I conjure up this ancient man, and people the near-by hills with him and his; picturing to myself what time the first Indian Summer dimmed the near distance with its golden mists. Not strictly speaking an "Indian" Summer, then, but the mellowing of an ice-age autumn. This, when the river was a mightier stream, and the first tide of the creek was yet to flow.

And later, when the black mud that now makes these wide, weedy meadows was being slowly laid down, yet another folk were here, and after them, the Indian. There is something mysterious in the human mind, that it rebels the instant that man's antiquity is broached. The mammoth and mastodon, the moose, reindeer, and extinct great beaver, they are all well known, and none doubt their place in the earth's geological history: there are the same evidences of men, earlier in time than the Indian, mingled with the animals I have named, yet the statement makes men still shrug their shoulders. The just law that sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, fail for once. Bones of mammals are as old as the deposits that contain them; but bones of men must be intrusive objects. Why, must be, has never been explained. Superstition has such a grip upon the world, it may yet die in ignorance.

But let us to a more pleasant subject, where rancorous discussion cannot creep in. The dreamy days of this short season do not have a depressing effect upon animal life. I startle the wary wild duck as I round a jutting bush-clad point, and its clear alarm cry goes bounding up the valley until lost in the open meadows. The foraging musk-rats cross the creek before me, bearing calamus roots upon, if not above, the surface of the water; but more delightful than all else to see or hear now, are the close-gathered red-wings that fill the whole valley with their united voices. It matters not to them whether it be spring or autumn, summer or winter; there is melody in their hearts at all seasons, and they mean that the world shall know it.

The flowers of summer, even the everywhere present golden rods of September, are not missed at such a time. A single happy bird will make glad the dreariest landscape; and before Indian Summer came, the meadows and creek side were filled with a cheerful, chirping host, that will spend the winter with us. I never want for a companion when I come to the creek. It is the great highway of an endless host, and to be one with them, if not of them, is a treat fit for the gods.

However full the day, the thought that this sweet "summer" is so short, will constantly intrude. Not a cloud flecks the sky, but we wonder, what of the morrow? Not a breeze stirs the branches and rattles the withered but still clinging leaves, but we scan the northern skies for a herald of winter. As quickly as the Indian Summer came, so she departs. The storm-king takes up the sceptre and a new order is established.

CHAS. C. ABBOTT.

Trenton, N. J.

THE ART COLLECTIONS AT MANCHESTER.

LONDON, November, 1887.

THE exhibition of art at Manchester, to which brief reference was made in my recent letter from that city, is now closed. Few places in England could afford more satisfaction to the lover of picture galleries than this during the period of its continuance, for it afforded a place where the whole progress and development of British art during the last half-century, as well as the growth of individual style in most of the great painters of the age, might be closely and intimately studied. I send you now some notes upon the exhibition made for you during its continuance.

Passing over several works of Lawrence, who was dead before the opening of the period which this exhibition was intended to illustrate, and of a number of minor artists who were popular at its commencement, we find Turner, whose sun was then somewhat luridly setting, represented by many works in his latest manner, none of them very remarkable. There is also a regrettable paucity of pictures by Constable; but David Cox may be studied in a large collection of works in both oil and water colors. The broad atmospheric effects, and the luminous and truthful rendering of nature which he attained with the simplest means, could scarcely be better exemplified than in his "Rhyl sands;" and the "Bettws Church" shows him in the full strength of his masterful manipulation and gorgeous colors. Of the men who in some respects drew an inspiration from Turner, Calcott is repre-

sented by a few tolerable pictures, Collins by some excellent landscapes with rustic figures, Creswick by some rather faded works, and David Roberts by many admirable paintings, including two of his best, the "Ruins of Baalbec" and the "Interior of the Duomo of Milan." There is also a fine and representative display of the work of Clarkson Stanfield, sweet and refreshing in its suggestion of open air and rolling sea; and I pass over many notable artists in order to come to Landseer, Etty, Maclise, G. D. Leslie, E. M. Ward, and Dyce. Landseer's fine animal pictures, including his great work "Highland Deer in Braemar," lacking, some of them, in bone and sinew, invested others with too much human expression; Etty's classic subjects, painted "with the taste of a Parisian paper-hanger;" Maclise's "Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall," and other works; Leslie, then the great figure painter, in many works admirable in drawing and color; E. M. Ward's historical pictures, and Dyce, whom Holman Hunt believes to have been "the most profoundly trained and cultured of all the painters"—all these may be excellently well studied.

Manchester naturally feels an interest in the pre-Raphaelite movement, for a great series of historical frescoes by Ford Madox Brown, the master of Rossetti, adorns its Town Hall, and a remarkable picture by him entitled "Work" is in the exhibition. Of the pre-Raphaelites, themselves, Holman Hunt is grandly represented by his "Claudia and Isabella," "Light of the World," "Scapegoat," (the story of whose painting he has recently told in the *Contemporary Review*), "Shadow of Death," and other pictures, all exemplifying his gradual progress in the principles of his school, up to the time when he felt that, being thoroughly well grounded, he could abandon something of its detailed method. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet painter, is illustrated in a most remarkable series—his "Blessed Damsel," leaning out "From the gold bar of heaven," taken from his poem published in the *Germ*; his "Dante's Dream," full of suggestion and gorgeous in colors; his "Vision of Fiametta" and several others, all full of poetry and symbolism. John Everett Millais may be traced in the whole development of his art, his first period, wholly inspired by the pre-Raphaelite ideal, typified in "The Vale of Rest;" his second period, broader and more rugged, as in "The Northwest Passage," and "The Boyhood of Raleigh;" and his third and existing period, exemplified by his magnificent portraits of Cardinal Newman, Mr. Gladstone, and others, than which nothing one fancies could be better. Looking at the ultimate outcome of the art of Hunt and Millais it is easy to understand how much we owe to the influence of the erewhile much-ridiculed, pre-Raphaelite ideal.

The exquisite grace (sometimes carried by him to the extent of over-refined subtlety) of Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A., could nowhere be better illustrated than by his gigantic picture of the "Daphnephoria," the Theban procession in honor of Apollo, to commemorate a victory over the Æolians, in which his mastery of the human figure, his wonderful drapery, and his classic manner are admirably displayed. There are also several other works of the President; and Poynter, like and yet unlike him, is represented by a number of classical pictures, including his celebrated "Atalanta's Race," "Nausicaa and her Companions at Ball," and "A Visit to Æsculapius"—the latter finely exemplifying his power of depicting in perfection the female form. Edwin Long, whose "Anno Domini" and "Zeuxis at Crotona" are drawing crowds of admirers to a Bond Street Gallery, is represented at Manchester by his "Babylonian Marriage Market" and "Diana or Christ?" the former excellent as an Oriental scene, quaint types and beauteous faces, the latter a dramatic work in which a lovely girl before a crowd in the Stadium of Ephesus is bidden to take the choice of the old mythology or the new faith. Sir James Linton, P. R. A., exhibits three gorgeous subjects illustrating the life of a Venetian soldier of the sixteenth century, in which he has contrived to introduce portraits of many well-known artists. Alma Tadema is represented by his "Ave Cæsar, Io Saturnalia," "Vintage Festival," "Parting Kiss" and other works, depicting the public and private sides of Roman life with great archeological accuracy, glorious in colours and marvellous in their rendering of texture and material. Of other great English artists, works are exhibited of Burgess, ("The Beggar Student of Salamanca,") Sant, Zearnes, Seymour Lucas, Lady Baker (Elizabeth Thompson), Marcus Stone, Richardson (a great collection, mostly illustrating the social side of English fashionable life,) Erskine, Nicol, Pettie, Dicksee, Burne Jones, Faed, Frith ("The Derby Day"), Stacy, Marks (exceedingly quaint), Onless, Watts, Vicat Cole, and a host of others, whom it is needless to name. Enough has, however, been said to show that the collection is one of extraordinary merit and variety, and it is admitted by English critics to be without a parallel as a display of works in oil. The total number of exhibits is over 2,000, including examples of water-color and black-and-white, with many works of sculpture.

In conclusion, a word may be said of the restoration of "Old

Manchester," which is a feature of the exhibition. Entering through a gateway in the Roman wall we find ourselves in a street of the seventeenth century, with a large number of mediæval houses of timber and plaster (a species of construction for which Lancashire and Cheshire are famous) still represented as remaining there. We can stand at the market cross, listen to the bells of the church close by, have a chat with men in by-gone costume, and then, very well pleased with our visit, return to more modern and more prosaic scenes.

JOHN LEYLAND.

SONG.

WHEN the sun is in the west,
And the bird is on her nest,
And the wind is at rest
On the sea;
Right above the harbor bar,
Bright as love out-shines a star,
And I know my little ship is coming back to me.

Though the sky had many a cloud,
When her outward way she plowed,
And the wind wept aloud
On the sea;
Yet, before that day was done,
With the last look of the sun
Rose a rainbow for a sign, a divine sign, to me.

So I'm sure that up the bay
I shall see my ship some day,
Like a bird flying gay
To its tree;
And around her prow the spray,
Making rainbows all the way,
Will sing treble to a song of treble joy for me.

HENRY W. AUSTIN.

REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF THE PSALMS. By Henry Van Dyke, D.D., Pastor of the Brick Church in New York, author of "The Reality of Religion." Pp. vii. and 259. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

COLERIDGE somewhere laments the tendency of men like Richard Baxter, and especially his successors, to abandon literature and art to shallower thinkers on theological and philosophical questions, and to create in this way a sort of schism in the intellectual life of England, which had not been healed in his own time. Thanks to Coleridge's wide and deep influence in America, there has been an effort to correct this schismatic tendency, and to create a theological literature, which should stand in close relation to pure literature, and conform to its canons of art. If we do not mistake, the author of this book, the younger Dr. Van Dyke, is an illustration of this movement, which began more than half a century ago among the scholars of Dr. James March of Middlebury, the first American interpreter of Coleridge. In his handling of the score of psalms discussed in this volume he seeks to apply to them just those methods of criticism on which Coleridge was the first to insist. He seeks in them the natural expression of the poet's devout feeling at some stage of natural or personal history; and he brings this into relation with the common humanity, which binds all ages and all races together, and enables us to understand the psalmist. Many commentators cannot rest until they have shown some Messianic reference in every psalm. Dr. Van Dyke frankly says that this habit seems to him to obscure the sense and weaken the force of these songs and to make unintelligible to us the hold they have laid upon the world's heart as the utterance of genuine experience.

In the selection of the psalms to be treated, our author has not chosen any complete and independent group, but has selected those which have most impressed himself. He thus ranges over the whole period of their authorship from Moses to the Captivity. Of course the very greatest—the xxiii., the xlv., the li., etc.—are in his list; and yet everyone who has enough familiarity with the book to have a preference will miss some favorites. We should have liked to see the lxiii., the cvii., and the cxlv., included besides the nineteen he has taken.

The exposition of psalm cxxxvii. brings him face to face with the question of the imprecations, which are found in some psalms. He frankly sets aside all the explanations which have been held to justify the last verse of the psalm as a revelation of eternal truth, and says that "it is the language of an age which is past, the expression of a spirit which is superseded, for all true believers, by

the spirit of Jesus Christ. It is true that the Old Testament is part of the word of God. But it is the word of God spoken through men who were but partially enlightened. . . . They were partakers of the quality of the times in which they lived."

SOBRIQUETS AND NICKNAMES. By Albert R. Frey. Pp. 482. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

This is a new and useful addition to the handbooks of literary reference. Mr. Frey is one of the staff of the Astor Library in New York, and seems to have been led by the inquiries there and elsewhere as to the origin and meaning of such names, to believe that such a book cannot be dispensed with. The book is the first in the field which attempts to cover the whole of it. And it is quite as good as any one man could be expected to make, even with the aids accessible to the inmate of a great library. At points we differ from the author as to the principle which governs his admissions and his exclusions. We should not have attempted to catalogue all the kings, queens, and empresses called "the great;" nor should we have put in Cæsar [César?] du Bus because he is called "The Founder of the Fathers of Christian Doctrine," for that is neither a sobriquet nor a nickname. Nor should we have given twenty-five pages to "the Man with the Iron Mask." And we think it would have been well to include party nicknames, as well as those of individuals. But these are points on which difference of judgment is natural, and we bear willing tribute to the thoroughness and the scholarlike character of the work. In the first part the nicknames are given in alphabetical order, and the explanations follow. In the second there is a careful index of the persons with the nicknames attached to each.

We notice a few errors. Anna Maria von Schurmann should be van Schurmann. "The Warming-Pan Child" was not Charles Edward Stuart, but his father. It may be that somewhere Allsop has been called "the favorite disciple of Coleridge," but the designation is not "frequently bestowed," nor would it be correct. He belongs only to Coleridge's earlier period. The "Black Tom" Trafford and the "Black Jack" Fitzgerald of Irish history are overlooked, as are other Irish sobriquets. "The Colossus of Roads"—Macadam—is not in the list, and we have a faint recollection of some similar nickname attaching to the last Duke of Bridgewater for his devotion to canals. Omar Khayyam's happy designation as "the Inspired Blackguard" should have been included. But it would have been quite impossible to have brought in all the properly Oriental nicknames, as men of letter—Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Hindustanee—are more usually known by these than by their proper names. In the case of Mahomet, the contemptuous name given him by Moslem sceptics, "the camel-driver," is not mentioned. In our own history, Martin Van Buren, as Mr. Frey shows, was rich in nicknames; but he omits "the Kinderhook fox." General Butler is not overlooked, but we find no mention of "Widow Butler."

WELL-WORN ROADS IN SPAIN, HOLLAND, AND ITALY. Traveled by a Painter in search of the Picturesque. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

If all the world loves a lover, surely almost all the world loves a painter. He is the man of all others most fortunate in the circumstances that surround his work. He makes the ruling passion of his nature the business of his life, not merely the luxury and delight of his leisure, or a glimpse snatched now and again from a dull commonplace round of work. All the loveliest spots of the earth are his heritage and the uttermost parts of the world his possession—the beasts of the forest, and the cattle on a thousand hills are his also, and all the beautiful works of man are the text-books in which he learns the elements of his art. His Wanderjahre may last almost a lifetime, and a white umbrella and a palette are almost as much of a talisman as a minstrel's harp was in minstrel days; he has a pass-word that is intelligible in all languages and to all hearts, excepting gendarmes and the military profession. The well-worn roads that Mr. Hopkinson Smith traveled blossomed with flowers for him. In Spain a gypsy water-carrier and his charming little betrothed make friends with him, and a three days painting in the Alcazaria of Seville make him the confidant of the lives and loves of half the inhabitants. In Dordrecht the spell of the brush opens for him the doors of a genial young Dutch professor with a pretty sister, and half the little town takes a friendly interest in him, and in Venice—but any artist who can have the happiness of making Venice rise again on his canvas, and painting the flashing mosaic of her waters, which makes her canals in the sunshine like the streets of the New Jerusalem, anyone who can do this has such delight in doing it, that little amates from sweet-faced gray nuns and gay singing fishermen and soft-hearted gondoliers fade into nothingness. It is a charming little volume, though not admitting of short quotations. Anyone who can love the high blue skies and white walls

of Spain, the cool gray clouds and the low green meadows of Holland, and the—everything—of Venice, will follow the artist with pleasure through these slight inconsecutive sketches, which give the atmosphere of the place, and are written in an easy, pleasant style, with a touch of gaiety, which makes one feel on friendly terms with the author at once.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

MR. J. T. TROWBRIDGE'S "Peter Budstone," (Lee & Shepard, Boston), is another of those altogether good and wholesome books for boys of which it is hardly possible to speak too highly. This author shows us convincingly how juvenile reading may be made vivacious and interesting, and yet teach sound and clean lessons. It is not writing for the mere purpose of book-making and money-making which animates this true artist and humanitarian. Every one of his books has a special purpose—is designed carefully to attack some weakness or fault,—to make thoughtful and virtuous men out of reckless youth. "Peter Budstone" shows forcibly the folly and crime of "hazing." It is the story of a noble young fellow whose reason is irreparably overthrown by the savage treatment he received from some of his associates at college. It is a powerful little book, and we wish every schoolboy and college youth could read it.

"The Monk's Wedding," from the German of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, by S. H. Adams, (Cupples & Hurd, Boston), is a novelette of considerable merit. It is a tale of old Padua, supposed to be narrated by Dante to a fireside circle consisting of his patron, noble lords, ladies, retainers, etc.,—all in the mediæval style. The Monk, for certain pressing reasons, obtains permission from Rome to break his vows and marry, but the act is fateful, and a long line of disasters follows. The story is vigorously and eloquently told. The volume is an excellent piece of bookmaking, barring some typographical eccentricities of punctuation, paragraphing, and neglect of quotation marks.

Prof. Hjalmar H. Boyesen has collected out of periodicals—*St. Nicholas* chiefly—his bright stories for young people under the title "The Modern Vikings," (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) The book takes its title from its dedication to his own three boys in a humorously affectionate poem, which has their portrait as a vignette. The stories are excellent, being studies of boy-life in the Scandinavian fatherland chiefly. Prof. Boyesen seems to have aimed to show that the old Viking spirit still lives in the boys of that land, so the book is full of adventure and endurance, such as American boys love as heartily as do their far-off cousins beyond the sea. It is a vein of which Mr. Boyesen has almost a monopoly, in this country at least, and he has made good use of his opportunity to interpret between the youthful generations of the two lands. Two of the stories—"Big Hans and Little Hans," and "Fiddle John's Family"—are transacted on both sides of the Atlantic, being tales of emigrant life. One chapter is given to a description of the Norwegian snow-shoe, or *skee*, which is coming into use in our Western States also, and is pronounced much superior to the one in Canadian use.

More histories of architecture have been published in the last quarter of a century than ever before. But they mostly are either very elaborate books, or cover but a small part of the subject. Mr. Arthur L. Tuckerman, of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, has prepared "A Brief History of Architecture," (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), which gives the pith of the matter in 168 pages, with twenty-four carefully selected illustrations. He carries the story from the Celtic cromlechs and menhirs down to the modern Renaissance, giving at the proper place some account of the great structures in the Euphrates valley which modern discovery has laid bare, and also of the architecture of the East generally. But of course he lingers longest over classic, romanesque, and gothic architecture. Describing these not in the external way which is usual in popular hand-books, but with reference to their structural principles, as his book is meant as an introduction to the study of architecture. He looks with confidence to the future, feeling sure that architecture has not come to the end of the history of its growth, and lays down sound maxims to guide young architects in their contribution to that growth. He does not enter much into the controverted fields. He assumes, for instance, that the early Christians appropriated the Roman court-house as the model for their churches. And in this he has the great weight of authorities with him.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A DOLLAR EDITION of Bayard Taylor's admirable translation of the first part of Goethe's "Faust" is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Among the latest books issued in Paris, (Hachette), is "Ramona; la Coquette Américaine au Mexique." The translation, by

Madame de Witt, née Guizot, has "the authorization of the author."

Mr. Paul Blouët, (Max O'Rell), has arrived in this country, and has started on a lecture tour under the management of Major J. B. Pond. Mr. Blouët explains that he gets his singular pen-name from his own family. His grandfather's Christian name was Max, and he married a Miss O'Rell, of Ireland. That was during the Napoleonic wars. The O'Rells seem to have died out since then, as Mr. Blouët can find no present trace of them.

The *Reveu Bleu* calls attention to a new novel by Tolstoi, called "Napoleon et la Campagne de Russie." Judging from a fragment that has been published, the book would appear to be an amplification of a celebrated chapter in "War and Peace," where Tolstoi sets forth his theory of history *apropos* of the retreat from Moscow.

It is melancholy to read that, for the lack of a trifling sum of money, the tomb of G. P. R. James, at Venice, is falling into decay. The inscription is nearly obliterated. James died at Venice in 1860, having spent the last eight years of his life as British Consul-General there. He was not a genius, but his books were healthy, and often picturesque.

One paragraph in the will of the late Sylvanus Cobb, the novelist and journalist, ran: "And I do set it down as my express desire that no member of my family, or relative, or friend, shall for me put on at any time any outward badge of mourning. Let no blackness of crape or funeral weeds cast its gloom upon my memory. I would that my beloved ones should seek the brightness and fragrance of faith and trust in God, rather than the gloom which belongs to doubt and unrest. I go to find more light. Add ye not to the darkness who remain behind. God bless you all."

The fifth biennial report of the Kansas Historical Society shows that the Society possesses 4,292 bound volumes of local newspaper files, together with 1,694 volumes of newspapers published in other states and countries. A notable showing for so young a community.

A new bibliography of German literature is about to be published by Fr. Cruse's Buchhandlung, in Hanover. It is entitled "Schlagwort Katalog," a list of books and maps in order of subjects, compiled by C. Georg and L. Ort. It contains about 100,000 titles, with date of publication, publisher's name, size, and price. The peculiarity of this catalogue consists in the arrangement, which is not under the names of the authors, nor yet under a classification of branches of knowledge, but under subjects like an Encyclopædia. So that when a bookseller wishes to tell a customer what has been written about any place, or science, or language, he can at once ascertain by turning to the name of the places, science, or language in question.

A Detroit news item says: "The author of the book, 'See-Saw, by One of 'Em,' a story of department life in Washington, is a Miss Cleveland, a second cousin of the President, who has a government position in Washington. The characters of the book are but thinly disguised Michiganders, under assumed names. The villain of the book is said to be no less a personage than Governor Swineford of Alaska, who (in the book) is represented as having jilted the lady to whom he was engaged and married another. Ella Tripp, of the story, is Mrs. Electra Smith, postmistress at Sterling, Ill. The President is introduced into the book, and the heroine is represented as stumping for him during the last campaign, as Miss Cleveland really did. The heroine has all the known virtues, and is, in fact, the authoress herself."

Edwin Arnold's new book, "Death and Afterwards," is nearly ready.—Mr. Irving's Introduction to the first of the eight volumes of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" discusses the poet as a practical playwright.—Mr. Ruskin made a profit of \$20,000 last year from his books. It is known that Mr. Ruskin is his own publisher.

Mr. H. Watts is making arrangements to publish his long-promised translation of "Don Quixote."—Mr. Stedman's revised and enlarged "Victorian Poets" is to be issued in a large-paper, two-volume edition of two hundred and fifty numbered sets. It will have eleven portraits, and the price will be \$10.—Dr. McCosh's latest work, "Psychology," has been introduced as a text-book in colleges in Japan and Ceylon, and the State University of Calcutta. It is expected it will be introduced in other colleges of India, where knowledge of this subject is required in order to obtain the degree of B. A.

The great spread of instruction in the English language in Japan, says the *London Globe*, has naturally led to a growing demand for English books. Over 85,000 English books of all classes were imported last year, as against 40,000 in 1885. The import of American books increased from 59,000 in 1885, to 119,000 in 1886. Sir F. R. Plunkett, British Consul at Tokio, remarks upon this:

"An argument against a large import of educational works has hitherto existed in the fact that foreigners have no claim to the protection of the Japanese copyright, and any work that gained extensive popularity was sure to be pirated by Japanese publishers, and cheap editions of it issued that could be profitably sold at far less cost than the imported originals. This difficulty has been and can be got over by the coöperation of Japanese booksellers, and in this way not only is the benefit of copyright obtained, but the books are sold at lower prices than were formerly obtained for them by European booksellers in Japan."

Emma Lazarus, an American poet of marked talent, died in New York on the 19th inst. She was the daughter of Moses Lazarus, belonging to one of the best-known and oldest Hebrew families of New York, and niece to J. H. Lazarus, the artist. Although she never became a popular writer of books, but found her widest audience in the magazines, the steady courage with which she pursued literature told in the long run. She produced in 1874 "Alide," a prose romance founded on episodes in the early life of Goethe. In 1871 she published "Admetus and Other Poems." In this volume appeared verses that showed a patriotic American spirit, but few that referred to her own religion or the history of her race. It was not for some years thereafter that she laid aside her diffidence as a Jewess and began to write poems directly for and about Jews. "Spagnoletto," another of her productions, a drama founded on the life of the Neapolitan painter who bore that nickname, is a masculine piece of work, but not suited to the stage.

Students of Wordsworth will welcome the announcement that Professor A. J. George, of Boston University, is completing the notes to an edition of the *Prelude* which will be issued next month by D. C. Heath & Co. In addition to his long study and teaching of Wordsworth, Mr. George has spent considerable time in the English Lake district gathering materials for his notes. Although never before published apart from the author's complete works, this poem has long been considered as containing the key to that poetic philosophy which was the characteristic of the "New Brotherhood."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

AN English edition of the Christmas *Book Buyer* will appear simultaneously with its publication in America.

Mrs. F. H. Burnett's new story will appear in the Christmas number of *St. Nicholas*. It is called "Sara Crewe," and it depicts the life of a little girl in a boarding school in London.

The *Atlantic Monthly's* announcements for 1888 include poems by Mr. Whittier, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Aldrich, essays by Dr. Holmes, and "occasional papers" by Mr. Lowell; "The Aspen Papers," a story in three parts, by Mr. James; Mr. Edward House's "Yone Santo;" and Charles Egbert Craddock's new serial, "Reaping the Whirlwind." There will be six papers on the American Revolution, by Prof. Fiske; and the general list of contributors includes many other distinguished names.

Prof. John Tyndall who recently spent some time on the top of the Alps at Brieg, Switzerland, wrote while there an essay on "The Sky," which is to be published in *The Forum*.

Sidney Lusk has written his first young folks serial for *Wide Awake*. It is entitled "My Uncle Florimond."

Mark Twain has written something in the form of a play, entitled "Meisterschaft," which will appear in an early number of *The Century*. The play, as may be supposed, is in two languages.

Robert Louis Stevenson's new ballad, "Ticonderoga," to appear in the Christmas *Scribner's*, will be illustrated from drawings made by William Hole and Will H. Low.

Captain Charles King, whose former novel, "The Deserter," proved one of the most successful of the series now publishing in Lippincott's Magazine, contributes to the December number of that periodical a companion-story, called "From the Ranks."

The November number of *Shakespeareana* has leading articles of special consequence on "Shakespeare as a Text-Book," by Professor Charles F. Johnson, and "The Classification of Shakespeareana," by Henry R. Tedder. It contains also Reports of Societies, pointed correspondence, book reviews, miscellany, etc., and is altogether a very spirited and "readable" number.

ART NOTES.

THE Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy have issued their circulars for the 58th Annual Exhibition, and artists should be in receipt of the same this week. The exhibition is to open on Thursday, February 16, and continue until Thursday, March 29, 1888. Exhibits will be received from Monday, January 23, to Saturday, February 4th. The Academy will collect and return contributions from Philadelphia, New York City, and Boston, on

receiving timely notice, free of charge. Similar terms may be made, on special application, for exhibits from any part of Pennsylvania and from Baltimore. Collection days will be as follows: In New York, January 30 to February 1; in Boston, January 30 and 31; in Philadelphia, Monday, January 23, to Saturday, January 28. "Varnishing day" will be Wednesday, February 15. Private view, same day in the evening.

The scope of the exhibition will be wider than heretofore, as may be seen from the following:

"The exhibits may be original paintings, drawings, sculpture, architectural designs or models, etchings and engravings, by living artists or those not more than five years deceased, and not before publicly exhibited in Philadelphia. Original wood and stone carvings, painted or worked tapestries, and any original productions that may properly be considered as coming within the field of the Fine Arts, and not commercial manufactures, will also be admitted."

The opening of the Fall Exhibition at the National Academy in New York did not attract as much attention last week as usual, and the press notices so far have been meagre. The collection is spoken of as commonplace and uninteresting. If the statement be correct, as heretofore made, that less than one-third of the pictures offered were hung, the selected few certainly should be of a higher order of merit. It is a poor showing if the production of the summer cannot afford more than a commonplace collection with so large a contribution to select from. The catalogue shows that the accepted offerings were nearly all from New York city and Brooklyn, very few other localities being mentioned in the list. Only three or four of the exhibitors hail from Philadelphia, but among these are two of the noticeable pictures, namely, a group of hounds, by Harry V. Poore, which has been highly praised, and a pell-mell charge of cavalry by Wm. M. Trego, mentioned as very spirited and remarkably vigorous in drawing.

The sales have so far been disappointing and show a marked falling off as compared with last year. This seems the more to be regretted as the art journals of current issue are publishing an estimate that Americans have expended nearly five millions of dollars this year for works of art in Paris. To this estimate may be added a large amount paid for foreign pictures to dealers in this country.

A current exhibition of Etchings, in Boston, is attracting attention, both from the merit of the work shown and from the fact that it is exclusively women's work. Curiously enough, it is likewise almost as exclusively Philadelphia work. There are twelve exhibitors from this city to four from all the rest of the country, and of the 388 numbers in the catalogue, 258 are Philadelphia exhibits.

Among the well-known Philadelphia names noted are those of Miss Blanche Dillaye, Mrs. Edith Loring Pierce Getchell, Mrs. Emily K. Moran, Miss Gabrielle D. Clements, Miss Eleanor Matlack, Miss Clara V. Richardson, Miss Phoebe D. Natt, and Miss Margaret Taylor.

The Chicago Art Institute was opened last week under favorable auspices, the press and society showing earnest interest on the occasion. The new home of the Institute is a beautiful and well-appointed building on the shore of the Lake, with the advantage that few art institutions have, of fair scenic surroundings. The opening was marked by the exhibition of a loan collection, which, it is understood, will be allowed to remain in the gallery for the present. The Art Institute inherits the property of the old Academy of Fine Arts, and has also recently received a collection by bequest from the late E. B. Washburne. This collection includes the Healy portraits recently shown in London, those of Mrs. Washburne, Lord Lyons, Thiers, Bismarck, and Gambetta being among the number.

The Whistler advertising scheme, by which newspaper notoriety is made to answer the purpose of artistic fame, has at last been carried a little too far. Whistler has exploited the American artist business in London for all it is worth, though it has been said of him that he is not an American and not an artist, and, having worked out that lead has recently become almost too British to breathe. The Society of British Artists having been granted permission to call itself the Royal Society of British Artists, Mr. Whistler introduced a resolution at the meeting when this title was assumed, calling on all members to resign from all other societies as a token of their appreciation of Her gracious Majesty's condescension. The resolution was so utterly uncalled for and was couched in such offensively fulsome terms of flunkysm that every artist present rose up and howled it down with indignant protests. Whistler has shown some talent, but a great deal more cheek; and the bubble of reputation he has succeeded in blowing up is altogether out of proportion to his very small product of good work.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE lecture of Professor S. P. Sadtler, of the University of Pennsylvania, before the Franklin Institute, on Monday evening of this week, dealt with the important subject of "Russian and American Petroleum." He described the conditions of occurrence of these two important natural productions, noting the chemical difference between the two crude oils, the difference of treatment made necessary in consequence, the character of the respective products, and the present and prospective commercial value of the two. In speaking of American oils, Prof. Sadtler only took in consideration the oils produced in what is known as the Pennsylvania field; for, although there is petroleum in Canada, West Virginia, California, and Ohio, the crude oil which is refined for illuminating and lubricating purposes, he said, comes from Pennsylvania. The Russian production in what is known as the Baku district, comprises two great groups of wells, the Surakhani and the Balikhani. The former exists on the site of the old Fire-worshippers' temple, where the petroleum has been issuing from the ground since pre-historic times. In 1886, he said, Pennsylvania and adjacent States produced 23,110,115 barrels of petroleum, valued at \$20,028,457, while the Russian production in 1885 was but 11,685,147 barrels. The crude oil exported from the United States in 1886 was valued at \$5,068,409 and the refined oil at \$43,076,795. The Russian refined oil is not of as good character as that of Pennsylvania, but the lubricating oil is superior, because of the absence of paraffine and it is able to stand the low cold test. Through all the Baku district, the residuum of the oil is used for fuel for railroads, iron works, and even in private houses. It is also used on the tank steamboats, which carry oil across the Caspian Sea.

The London special despatches to the New York daily papers of the 20th instant contain notices of a recent important scientific paper by Prof. Lockyer. The correspondent of the *Times* says: "Norman Lockyer's paper on the 'Spectra of Meteorites,' read before the Royal Society, on Thursday, will create a deep impression in astronomical and scientific circles. He stands practically at the head of his department of investigation, and is incapable of propounding any theory which has not a substantial basis of experiment, and the proof in his present paper is fairly startling in the novel sweep of its conclusions as to the construction of the whole visible universe. He starts with the meteorite as a cosmical unit and says the spectroscopic practically demonstrates that 'all self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites, or masses of meteoric vapor, produced by heat brought about by condensation of meteor swarms due to gravity.' This magnificent hypothesis entirely revolutionizes astronomical bases by sweeping away all the present distinctions between stars, comets, and nebulae, and attributing the difference in their spectra solely to variations in temperature. Lockyer has reproduced all these variations in miniature by warming a meteoric fragment placed in a vacuum tube through which an electrical discharge is passed, and has obtained all the grades of spectra, from the pale nebula to the comet in perihelion, and to a star of considerable brilliancy, solely by increasing the heat. The whole paper is of the most striking and suggestive originality, and is accepted by scientists here as laying the foundation for a new astronomy based on the spectroscopic."

The possibility of chloroforming patients while asleep with entirely satisfactory results has just been demonstrated by a case which occurred in the New Orleans Charity Hospital and is reported in the *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*. A child six years of age was suffering from pleurisy, and it became necessary to draw off the fluid effusion which had accumulated in his chest. He was very much afraid of the operation, and it was determined to attempt it while he was asleep. On the following day, while sound asleep, chloroform was administered without awakening the child, and twenty-four ounces of fluid were withdrawn. The child continued to sleep throughout the night, and when it awoke the following morning knew nothing of the operation.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- WINTER: FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Pp. 439. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AS A MAN OF LETTERS. By John Bach McMaster. (American Men of Letters Series.) Pp. 293. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- BIRD TALK. A Calendar of the Orchard and Wild-Wood. Adeline D. T. Whitney. Pp. 34. \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- TWELVE TIMES ONE. Illustrations of Child Life, designed in Water-Colors, by Mary A. Lathbury. With descriptive Poems [from Various Sources]. \$1.75. New York: Worthington Co.
- DOWN THE ISLANDS: A VOYAGE TO THE CARIBBEES. By William Agnew Paton. Pp. 301. \$4.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

- A NEW PART-SONG AND CHORUS BOOK. For High Schools, Academies, Choral Societies, and Families. By Charles E. Whiting, formerly teacher of Music in the Boston Public Schools. Pp. 256. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
- A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, from its Foundation to the Present Time. By Susan Coolidge. Pp. 288. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES. Together with an Excursion in Quest of the so-called Venus of Melos. By W. J. Stillman. Pp. 106. \$4.00. [Illustrated Quarto.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE STATE AND OF HISTORY: An Exposition. By George S. Morris. Pp. 306. \$1.25. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
- LYRICS, IDYLS, AND ROMANCES. From the Poetic Works of Robert Browning. Pp. 187. \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- THE LAST VON RECKENBURG. By Louise Von Francois. Translated by J. M. Percival. (First American from the Third German Edition.) Pp. 370. \$1.50. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
- ZORAH. A Love-Tale of Modern Egypt. By Elizabeth Balch. Pp. 287. \$1.25. (Paper, \$0.50.) Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
- BLEDISLOE: OR AUNT PEN'S AMERICAN NIECES. An International Story. By Ada M. Trotter. Pp. 324. \$1.50. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
- POOR JACK. By Captain Marryatt. Pp. 372. \$2.00. London: Frederick Warne & Co.
- THE SPECTATOR. Selected Essays; with an Introduction and Notes. By Alex. Charles Ewald. ("The 'Chandos' Classics.") Pp. 469. \$1.00. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co.
- PETER BUDSTONE, THE BOY WHO WAS HAZED. By J. T. Trowbridge. Pp. 187. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- THE DEBATER'S HANDBOOK. Pp. 114. \$0.30. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS. By George Lowell Austin. (New Edition.) Pp. 431. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- A BUNCH OF VIOLETS. By Irene E. Jerome. (Illustrated Holiday Quarto.) \$3.75. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

VIEWS OF MR. SHERMAN.¹

"I THINK the New York election has settled the renomination of Grover Cleveland, and that the Republicans will be called upon to make a nomination to meet that alternative. I do not say who the nominee will be, yet I do not think that the loss of New York last week to the Republicans should be dispiriting. In the tremendous vote cast the Democratic nominee received many Republican votes among the brewing interests. Again, the campaign, in my judgment, was not conducted as it should have been. There seems to be too much timidity among the New York Republicans. They speak in undertones, as if afraid an aggressiveness might offend somebody. I have a simple platform: First, the protection of American industries, and second, the count of the vote fairly as cast in the Southern States. For one, I would not join in a general defamation of the Southern section. I am willing to forget the war and forgive those who participated in it, but the time has now come, in my judgment, to protect the colored men of the South in their political rights, to have their votes fairly counted and delivered."

"How do you propose to accomplish this?"

"It can easily be done," said the Senator. "I take the broad ground that the Congress of the United States now has the power, under the Constitution, to supervise the vote cast in every State for members of Congress and for all offices which are national. Let me amplify. Section 4 of Article 1 of the Constitution says: 'The times, places, and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the Legislature thereof, but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations except as to the place of choosing senators.'"

"Now, what can be clearer under this section of the Constitution? It is wholly within the power of Congress to provide the machinery for a fair election in the South. It is notoriously known that the negro vote of the South is not counted where it is prejudicial to Democratic results. I think the time has now come for Congress to assert its authority. I would have Boards of Election to see that the vote in every State, North and South, was fairly counted. I would have the expenses of such Boards paid out of the National Treasury, and would have their duties specifically prescribed by Congress. When I said a little while ago that the New York Republicans were cowardly in the conduct of their campaigns, I had reference to this very thing. I think the deprivation of the negro vote in the South should have been an issue in the campaign and a commanding issue. I made it in Ohio, and it ought to be the feature at the approaching session of Congress."

I then asked Mr. Sherman in view of his declaration that the negro vote was not counted, if it was not after all a political mistake in a party sense, to have enfranchised the negro.

"Sometimes I think so," was his reply. "I don't know after all but that it would have been better for the negro if his rights had been planted wholly on the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. It would then have been no object to have denied him his vote, for in such event the basis of representation would have been reduced."

Next, I discussed with the Senator the Democratic Administration. Said I: "Mr. Sherman, do you regard it strong in any essential sense?"

"Not at all," said he. "What has it done? It is merely drifting along. It has developed no policy of statesmanship. In its financial policy it is following only in the footsteps of the Republicans. It has not stamped itself upon the public minds by any act calculated to win applause. It merely swims along."

"Will you again seek the distinction of presiding over the Senate," I asked.

¹ From an "Interview" with Senator Sherman in the Cincinnati Enquirer, November 18.

"No, I will not," said the Senator, "I always found its duties exacting. It requires an absolutely punctual attendance at a given hour, which I found made exactions upon my time which I could better employ in other duties. I am chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee and a member of the Finance Committee. The report had gained ground that I had refused to serve on the Finance Committee because Mr. Morrill was its chairman. This is not true. My attitude was that if there is to be a tariff legislation I did not want to be charged with the conduct of a bill unless it was wholly in my control."

"Coming to the point of interest on that subject, do you think there will be a tariff bill passed by Congress?" I ventured.

"Yes, I do," was the Senator's answer. "The Democrats must do something. They are in possession of the body where alone a bill for raising revenue must originate. It is my opinion that some kind of a measure will go through the House. This will be sent to the Senate, and when we thus get jurisdiction over the subject we will make a bill, but you can rest assured that it will embody the feature of Protection to American labor."

"While on the tariff let me give you some suggestions. The Democrats call us protectionists, whereas the fact is that the existing Tariff bill, a Republican measure, is largely in the line of Free Trade. Of the importations, now amounting to \$600,000,000, \$260,000,000 are now on the free list. This is more than a third. Of the articles which go to make the remaining two-thirds over \$140,000,000 are collected from the luxuries of life—such as silks, velvets, bric-a-brac, champagne and foreign liquors. So that really less than one-third other than luxuries are now taxed. The aim ought to be to tax all foreign importations with which the American product can not compete. Let in free all goods in which America is not thrown in competition, and likewise make free all the articles which are the necessities of life. In a nutshell, let come in free everything we can not make. Put a tax on that which we can make so that the American manufacturer can pay his workmen better wages than are paid in Europe. This is the sum and substance of Protection."

"Have you any pronounced views as to how the surplus in the Treasury should be reduced?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sherman, "I have. I would not touch the tax on distilled spirits. I would reduce or abolish wholly the tax on tobacco. I would make the tax on sugar either nominal or wipe it out entirely; if wiped out, I would offer a bounty for sugar raising. This would encourage the farmers of the land to raise beet sugar. I likewise favor the return to the states of the direct tax. Again, I would revive the Distribution act of 1836. In that year Congress passed an act providing that the surplus then in the Treasury should be distributed among the several states upon the basis of population. An installment amounting to \$20,000,000 was paid. Then the panic came on, with attendant bad times, and the payment of the second installment was suspended. This law could be revived by a simple joint resolution of Congress, and would distribute \$20,000,000. I think, though, it should be paid only to the States which were in the Union in 1837, and not to those which have subsequently come in."

DRIFT.

IT is to be hoped that the excellent suggestion of Senator Hoar for some fitting observance of the eightieth birthday of the good poet Whittier will find more than local acceptance. So far as yet appears the only steps taken are by the Essex Club of Massachusetts, before whom Mr. Hoar paid his eloquent tribute to the character and life-work of the "New England Burns." It will doubtless be a proud day for the Quaker sage when he receives an autograph letter from Dr. George B. Loring, and he will perhaps consider the adding of other names—the names of the members of the club and others—something in the nature of "painting the lily." But Whittier belongs to the whole American people, especially to New England, and it will be a pleasure to make his eightieth birthday, (December 17th), the occasion of quiet celebrations everywhere. It would be a pleasant feature for the children to take part, with Whittier songs and recitations, somewhat as a few years ago a similar honor was paid to Longfellow. There is time enough for the teachers, and the numerous literary societies and clubs of the country to consider the subject, and each work out the idea in its own way.—Hartford Courant.

I hear that the Queen has written privately to Emperor William strongly urging that an arrangement should at once be made to afford liberal provision for the Crown Princess and her younger children in the event of the deaths of the Emperor and Crown Prince, as if they died now she would be left in very moderate circumstances. The Emperor has vast wealth at his disposal, of which, it is supposed, nine-tenths will pass to his successor on the Prussian throne, the Grand Duchess of Baden getting the rest. It would be easy for his Majesty to make an equitable arrangement in favor of the wife and family of his eldest son.—Special London Dispatch.

The time has come when the newspapers in the South who are trying to take care of southern interests and build up the country and make the people independent, shall speak out and let the country know exactly where we stand and what we mean. We mean to say that the South cannot be carried by the Democratic party on Mr. Watterson's Kentucky idea. If it should be adopted by the Democratic party in its next convention, then we will lose from three to five States in the South, and probably more.—Nashville American, Dem.

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OFFICIAL NOTICES.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in pursuance of Article XVIII. of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth:

SECTION 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, that the following is proposed as an amendment of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

Strike out from section one, of article eight, the four qualifications for voters, which read as follows:

"If 22 years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," so that the section which reads as follows:

"Every male citizen, 21 years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If 22 years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended, so as to read as follows:

"Every male citizen 21 years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least thirty days.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

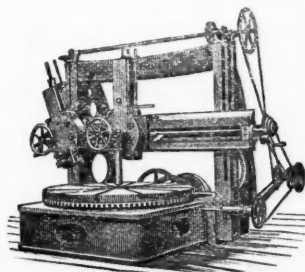
Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election. The Legislature, at the session thereof next after the adoption of this section, shall, and from time to time thereafter may, enact laws to properly enforce this provision.

Fourth. Every male citizen of the age of 21 years, who shall have been a citizen for thirty days and an inhabitant of this State one year next preceding an election, except at municipal elections, and for the last thirty days a resident of the election district in which he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elected by the people: *Provided*, That in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, in the army or navy thereof, shall be deprived of his vote by reason of his absence from such election district, and the Legislature shall have power to provide the manner in which and the time and place at which such absent electors may vote, and for the return and canvass of their votes in the election district in which they respectively reside.

Fifth. For the purpose of voting, no person shall be deemed to have gained or lost a residence by reason of his presence or absence while employed in the service of the United States or the State, nor while engaged in the navigation of the waters of the State or of the high seas, nor while a student of any college or seminary of learning, nor while kept at any almshouse or public institution, except the inmates of any home for disabled and indigent soldiers and sailors, who, for the purpose of voting, shall be deemed to reside in the election district where said home is located. Laws shall be made for ascertaining, by proper proofs, the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage hereby established.

A true copy of the joint resolution.

CHARLES W. STONE,
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Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth:

SECTION 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment is proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the Eighteenth Article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

There shall be an additional article to said Constitution, to be designated as Article XIX. as follows:

ARTICLE XIX.

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor, to be used as a beverage, is hereby prohibited, and any violation of this prohibition shall be a misdemeanor, punishable as shall be provided by law.

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor for other purposes than as a beverage may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law. The General Assembly shall, at the first session succeeding the adoption of this article of the Constitution, enact laws with adequate penalties for its enforcement.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.

CHARLES W. STONE,
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IS PREPARED TO RENT SAFES IN ITS FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS, with Combination and Permutation Locks that can be opened only by the renter, at \$9, \$10, \$14, \$16 and \$20; large sizes for corporations and bankers.

ALLOW INTEREST ON DEPOSITS OF MONEY, ACT AS EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, Assignee, Committee, Receiver, Agent, Attorney, etc.

EXECUTE TRUSTS of every kind under appointment of States, Courts, Corporations or Individuals—holding Trust Funds separate and apart from all other assets of the Company.

COLLECT INTEREST OR INCOME, and transact all other business authorized by its charter.

RECEIVE FOR SAFE KEEPING, UNDER GUARANTEE, VALUABLES of every description, such as Coupon, Registered and other Bonds, Certificates of Stock, Deeds, Mortgages, Coin, Plate, Jewelry, etc.

RECEIPT FOR AND SAFELY KEEP WILLS without charge.

For further information, call at the office or send for a circular.

THOMAS COCHRAN, President.
EDWARD C. KNIGHT, Vice-President.
HENRY J. DELANY, Treasurer.
JOHN JAY GILROY, Secretary.
RICHARD C. WINSHIP, Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS.

Thomas Cochran,	W. Rotch Wister,
Edward C. Knight,	Alfred Fidler,
J. Barlow Moorhead,	Charles S. Hinchman,
Thomas MacKellar,	J. Dickinson Sergeant,
John J. Stadiger,	Aaron Fries,
Clayton French,	Charles A. Sparks,
	Joseph Moore, Jr.

INSURANCE AND TRUST COS.

THE FIDELITY
Insurance, Trust and Safe Deposit
Company of Philadelphia.

325-331 CHESTNUT STREET.

Charter Perpetual.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000. SURPLUS, \$1,750,000.

SECURITIES AND VALUABLES of every description, including BONDS and STOCKS, PLATE, JEWELRY, DEEDS, etc., taken for SAFE KEEPING on SPECIAL GUARANTEE at the lowest rates.

Vault Doors guarded by the Yale and Hall Time Locks.

The Company also RENTS SAFES INSIDE ITS BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS, at prices varying from \$15 to \$75, according to size. An extra size for corporations and bankers; also, desirable safes in upper vaults for \$10. Rooms and desks adjoining vaults provided for safe-renters.

DEPOSITS OF MONEY RECEIVED ON INTEREST.

INCOME COLLECTED and remitted for a moderate charge.

The Company acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR and GUARDIAN, and RECEIVES AND EXECUTES TRUSTS of every description from the courts, corporations and individuals.

ALL TRUST FUNDS AND INVESTMENTS are kept separate and apart from the assets of the Company. As additional security, the Company has a special trust capital of \$1,000,000, primarily responsible for its trust obligations.

WILLS RECEIPTED FOR and safely kept without charge.

STEPHEN A. CALDWELL, President.
JOHN B. GEST, Vice-President, and in charge of the Trust Department.

ROBERT PATTERSON, Treasurer and Secretary.
CHAS. ATHERTON, Assistant Treasurer.
R. L. WRIGHT, Jr., Assistant Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

STEPHEN A. CALDWELL,	WILLIAM H. MERRICK,
EDWARD W. CLARK,	JOHN B. GEST,
GEORGE F. TYLER,	EDWARD T. STEEL,
HENRY C. GIBSON,	THOMAS DRAKE,
THOMAS MCKEAN,	C. A. GRISCOM,
	JOHN C. BULLITT.